Beſides the life and feeling of her paſſion,
Shee hoords to ſpend, when he is by to heare her,
VVhen ſighs, & grones, & tears may grace the faſhiō
Of her diſgrace, the better ſo to cleare her
From that ſuſpiciō which the world might bear her.
To ſhun this blot, ſhee would not blot the letter
VVith words, till action might becom thē better.

To ſee ſad ſights, moues more then heare them told,
For then the eye interpretes to the eare
The heauie motion that it doth behold,
VVhen euerie part, a part of woe doth beare.
Tis but a part of ſorrow that we heare,
Deep ſounds make leſſer noiſe thē ſhallow foords,
And ſorrow ebs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is ſeal'd, and on it writ
At ARDEA to my Lord with more then haſt,
The Poſt attends, and ſhee deliuers it,
Charging the ſowr-fac'd groome, to high as faſt
As lagging fowles before the Northerne blaſts,
Speed more then ſpeed, but dul & ſlow ſhe deems,
Extremity ſtill vrgeth ſuch extremes.

The homelie villaine curſies to her low,
And bluſhing on her with a ſtedfaſt eye,
Receaues the ſcroll without or yea or no,
And forth with baſhfull innocence doth hie.
But they whoſe guilt within their boſomes lie
Imagine euerie eye beholds their blame,
For LVCRECE thought, he bluſht to ſee her

VVhen ſeelie Groome (God wot) it was def
Of ſpirite, life, and bold audacitie,
Such harmleſſe creatures haue a true reſpect
To talke in deeds, while others faucilie
Promiſe more ſpeed, but do it leyſurelie.
Euen ſo this patterne of the worne-out ag
Pawn'd honeſt looks, but laid no words to

His kindled duetie kindled her miſtruſt,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed,
Shee thought he bluſht, as knowing TARQVIN
And bluſhing with him, wiſtlie on him gazed,
Her earneſt eye did make him more amazed.
The more ſhee ſaw the bloud his cheeks rep
The more ſhe thought he ſpied in her ſom bl